

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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Vol. V.

DECEMBER, 1917.

No. 12

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## The Song of the Stars

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Sweet is the May  
When the flowers are born;  
Sweet is the day  
In the blush of morn;  
Sweet, when the trills  
Of the blue-bird ring  
Down o'er the hills  
At the birth of Spring.  
But sweeter the night when the wee stars hum:  
"Jesus, the Saviour, the Longed-for, is come!"

Sing in the sky  
Ye white-robed choirs;  
Kindle on high  
All the heav'nly fires;  
Starlets, sing on!  
Ne'er sweeter a lay  
Charmed the pale dawn  
On his skiey way!  
List! Calm is the night as the wee stars sing:  
"Hail to the child! our God and King!"

Where is the Child?  
Where the lights are bright?  
Down where the wild  
Music harrows the night?  
Down in the vale  
Where the dancers whirl,  
Down, where the pale  
Pleasure-seekers swirl?  
No! see in the hills,—that wee little light?  
There, in the cave, He is born this night!

Lead us O star  
Lest we stop on the way!  
What though 'tis far,—  
Did not Mary, you say,  
Hallow the road  
With her Infant this night?  
That be our goad  
While we climb to the height.  
A vision of wonder there bursts on our eyes:  
Jesus, our God, in the rude manger lies.

—Augustine Zeller, C. Ss. R.

## THE COMMUNION OF CHILDREN

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When children have attained the age of discretion, that is, when they have come to the use of reason, they are responsible for their actions, because they can then distinguish between right and wrong. They are then obliged to keep the commandments of God and the precepts of the Church. Children come to the use of reason generally about the age of seven years, some somewhat sooner, others somewhat later. They are then capable of doing good and of doing evil, or committing sin. From this it follows that children who are about seven years old, more or less, are bound, under pain of grievous sin to hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays of obligation, to keep the abstinence on the days prescribed, to go to confession at least once a year and to receive holy Communion during the Easter time. The Holy Council of Trent condemns those who deny the latter obligation: "If any one shall deny that all and each of Christ's faithful of both sexes are bound, when they have attained the years of discretion, to communicate every year at least at Easter in accordance with the precept of Holy Mother Church, let him be anathema."

To receive holy Communion children need not be perfectly instructed in all the doctrines of the Church, for St. Thomas says expressly: "When children begin to have some use of reason, so that they can conceive some devotion towards the Holy Eucharist, they may then be given holy Communion." Let us bear in mind that the precept of receiving holy Communion is not merely a Church law, but also a *divine* law, for Jesus expressly declared: "Amen, amen I say unto you: Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink of His blood, you shall not have life in you" (John 6.54). Therefore the theologian Vasquez is correct in saying: "As soon as a child attains the use of reason, he is obliged by *the divine law*, so that not even the Church can dispense him from obeying it." "When a child is capable of wrong-doing, that is, of committing mortal sin, he is then subject to the precepts of confession and, consequently, of holy Communion," concludes St. Antoninus.

The Sacred Congregation of the Council on March 25th, 1910, decided that "Boys and girls are to be admitted to holy Communion, when they come to the age of discretion, or attain the use of reason."

A few months later, July 15th, 1910, the Sacred Congregation of the Discipline of the Sacraments," in order that children of tender years may become attached to Jesus Christ, live His life and obtain protection against the dangers of corruption, *prescribed* the following Rule to be everywhere observed in admitting children to first holy Communion:

"I. The age of discretion required both for Confession and Communion is the time when the child begins to reason, that is about the seventh year, sometimes after, sometimes even before. From this time on the obligation of satisfying the precept of both Confession and Communion begins.

II. Both for first Confession and first Communion a complete and perfect knowledge of Christian Doctrine is not necessary. The child will, however, be obliged gradually to learn the whole Catechism according to its intellectual ability.

III. The knowledge of Christian Doctrine required in children for first holy Communion is that they understand according to their capacity the mysteries of Faith which are necessary as a means of salvation, that they be able to distinguish the Eucharist from common and material bread, and also approach the Sacred Table with the devotion becoming their age.

IV. The obligation of the precept of Confession and Communion which rests upon the child, falls back principally upon those in whose care they are, that is, parents, confessors, teachers and their pastor. According to the Roman Catechism, it belongs to the father, however, or to the person taking his place, as also to the confessor, to admit the child to first holy Communion . . .

VI. Those who have the care of children should use all diligence, so that after first Communion the children shall *often* approach the Holy Table, *even daily if possible*, as Jesus Christ and our Mother the Church desire, and that they do this with a devotion becoming their age. They should bear in mind their most important duty, by which they are obliged to have the children attend the public instructions in Catechism; otherwise they are bound to supply this religious instruction in some other way."

"All these resolutions (regulations) of the Eminent Fathers, the Cardinals of this Sacred Congregation have been approved by our Most Holy Father Pope Pius X. in an audience given on the seventh

day of August, 1910, and he has commanded the present Decree to be published and promulgated. He has commanded all the Ordinaries (Bishops of dioceses) to make known this present Decree not only to the pastors and the clergy, but also to the faithful, to whom it shall be read yearly at Easter time in the vernacular language.

"The Ordinaries themselves shall have, at the end of every five years (together with the other affairs of their diocese) to give an account of the observance of this Decree to the Holy See."

The main points of this Decree have been included in the New Code of the Canon Law of the Church, which will take effect on Pentecost Sunday, May 19th, 1918. In Canon 854 we find the following regulations concerning the Communion of children:

"1. The Holy Eucharist shall not be administered to children of tender age who have no knowledge of it nor any relish for it.

2. As to children in danger of death, who are able to discern the Body of Christ from ordinary food and to adore it reverently, the Holy Eucharist may and should be administered to them.

3. Those children who have attained the age of reason and are not in danger of death, in order to receive holy Communion, are required to know at least those mysteries of faith, of which the knowledge is necessary for salvation, and to make a careful preparation according to their capacity.

4. The parish priest is in duty bound to watch (in order to prevent abuses), and if he deems it prudent, to institute an examination, in order that the children be not admitted to receive the Holy Eucharist, unless they have attained the age of reason and are sufficiently disposed, and he should also take care, that those children who have the use of reason and are sufficiently disposed, should, as soon as possible, be nourished with this divine food."

To make the above No. 3 plain, it will be well to recall which are the mysteries of faith, the knowledge of which is necessary to salvation.

**THE TRUTHS, OR MYSTERIES OF FAITH, WHICH EVERY MAN MUST KNOW TO BE SAVED:** There is but one God; He created the world and all it contains out of nothing; in God there are three distinct divine Persons, equal in all things, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; God the Son became man on earth, suffered and died to redeem all men. After death the good will be rewarded in heaven forever, and the bad will be forever punished in hell. Moreover, those who go to



confession or to holy Communion, must know what is confession, and what is holy Communion.

Let us now return to the Communion of children. Frequent worthy Communion is the most powerful means of keeping souls pure and chaste; it is the most efficient preventive from falling into or of remaining in evil habits. This is one of the chief reasons why the above Decree of Pope Pius X. was issued, for its observance will enable Catholic children to preserve their innocence and to persevere therein later on in life, amid the dangers of corruption that abound in the world. Let us now recall how our divine Saviour, when He was on earth, loved little children because of their purity and innocence. Read the Gospel of St. Mark (10, 12 to 16): "They brought to Jesus young children, that He might touch them. And the disciples rebuked those that brought them. When Jesus saw this, He was much displeased, and saith to them: Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not. For of such is the kingdom of God. Amen I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it. And embracing them and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them." Let us heed the express will of Jesus Christ, and beware of keeping the little children designated by the Vicar of Christ and His holy Church from going to receive Jesus Christ in Holy Communion.

We have of late years especially many examples of the wonderful attraction of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist for little children. Who has not read the wonderful life of little Nellie Horgen and thanked God for the admirable attraction and love of Jesus in the Eucharist in that child, who was not yet five years old, when Jesus in the Eucharist called her to Himself? For the edification of the reader we will conclude this article by another example of the love of the Eucharistic Saviour for little children.

GUSTAVE MARIA BRUNI.

On February 10th, 1911, there died at Turin in Italy a boy under eight years of age, whose ardent love of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist had won for him the beautiful name of "the little Seraph of Jesus in the Sacred Host." Gifted with a wonderful, precocious mind, he never forgot what had once been taught him. He learnt to read almost by himself during an illness, when he was only four years old. At school he was always at the head of his class, and was dearly loved and con-

sidered as a superior child both by his classmates and the older students.

His pious mother had consecrated him before his birth to Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, and his whole life converged towards Jesus in the Eucharist, for the Real Presence was the ardent desire of his infancy, and the strength, the joy and the happiness of his young life, and his consolation in sickness.

Gustave Maria Bruni was born May 6th, 1903, and baptized on the following day. The next time he was brought out of his home was also to the church, where he remained perfectly quiet during the hour his mother spent there to thank God for giving her a son. From that time whenever he was brought to church, all who beheld him could not help remarking his joyful countenance constantly gazing towards the tabernacle, never turning his eyes away from it or manifesting either weariness or impatience. His first words were, "Jesus, good Jesus." He said the rosary already when scarcely two years old. His greatest pleasure was to accompany his mother to an early Mass, during which he showed constant recollection, for it was manifest that he already possessed a wonderful comprehension of the Sacrament of love; whenever any one asked him, "where is Jesus," he would reply: "Here in my heart and in the tabernacle in the church." When he was three years and four months old, he once followed his mother to the Communion table, and when the priest had passed him by, he said weeping: "I wish also to go to Communion." He felt very much grieved at not being permitted to do so. Every morning he would express his ardent longing for the day when he would be admitted to his first holy Communion. Not content with daily assisting at Mass with his mother, he would return to the church again during the day to visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and begin his visit by making a Spiritual Communion.

He had a profound veneration for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and for priests. He would salute every priest he met. Being at the age of four years already a pupil of the Divine Heart Institute, he would not attend the class of "Deportment"; when his mother asked him why, he replied: "It is useless for me to learn how to dance, for I wish to be a priest." Whenever he was ill, he would consider his sickness as a visit of our divine Saviour. When four years old, he had a severe attack of pneumonia; he said to the physician: "I would be as glad to die as to live, for I could then go straight to heaven where I would enjoy to be with Jesus."

Being of a lively and ardent disposition, he had often to struggle much to overcome himself; but when he was told that a victory over his character, over his feelings was the best proof of love he could give to Jesus Christ, in the Blessed Eucharist, he would make every effort to conquer himself. It was then a consoling sight to see that little boy hastening to tell his ghostly Father of his success in self-mastery, and of his resolve to conquer all the enemies of his soul out of love for the most holy Sacrament, which he so ardently longed to receive.

After he had reached the age of five years he was often heard to exclaim: "See how men seek every means to gratify themselves! How few think of eternity awaiting them! How few think of good Jesus! Poor men, how ungrateful they are!" He had Jesus constantly in his thoughts, and nothing could interrupt his interior recollection. He was fond of play; but after enjoying some games with his schoolmates, he could at once pass over to serious meditation. He studied assiduously and conscientiously. Before beginning a composition, he would thus address our divine Saviour: "O Jesus, I recommend my work to Thee, and I wish to perform it for Thy glory." He considered the reading of papers and magazines "loss of time for children", and would devote his free time to reading the Lives of the Saints and other spiritual books. When thus engaged he felt in his proper element, and skilfully analyzed what he was reading.

At the age of five years he had a severe attack of varioloid. Though cognizant of his state, he strove to calm the fears of his parents, saying: "I have yet to make my first holy Communion before dying, and oh, how happy I shall be to suffer after that whenever I shall be sick, for I shall then be able to receive Jesus Christ in sickness!"

It was found out that Gustave knew the catechism very well even before he had actually studied it. His life was, indeed supernatural, for it seemed that there were no mysteries for him, for God Himself had been his teacher. He was always more and more consumed by the desire of receiving Jesus Christ. A priest brought him to be examined by the saintly Don Rua, the successor of Venerable Don Bosco as superior-general of the Salesians. Don Rua said to him: "My dear little boy, if I said to you, that the Host, after the Consecration, is only consecrated bread, would I be right?" "Oh, no, Father!" Gustave replied emphatically; "after the Consecration the Host is no

longer bread; it is Jesus, and Jesus entirely." Don Rua admitted him to his first Communion on May 23rd, 1909. It was for him an ecstasy of love. He again received holy Communion the following day, and from that time his only suffering was to be unable to unite himself every day to Jesus. He never failed to receive holy Communion whenever he was permitted.

Twenty days after his first Communion he received the abundance of the gifts of the Holy Ghost in the Sacrament of Confirmation. Thenceforth his life consisted chiefly in preparation for holy Communion and in thanksgiving after it. Often he would say: "Jesus is so good and loves me so much."

His soul, consumed, as it were, by divine love, overflowed also with the love of his neighbor; he prayed with the utmost fervor for his parents, relatives and friends, and even for all strangers. Whenever he met "a poor gentleman," as he was wont to call beggars, and his little purse was empty, he would say a prayer, that the beggar might meet some charitably disposed person. When he saw small children playing in the street with no one to watch over them, he would pray that they should not meet with any accident or injury. His prayers were always heard, for Jesus would grant him all he prayed for, especially in the last months of his life.

After his first Communion it became always more and more clear to him that he should become a priest in the Salesian Congregation, and when some one would allude in his presence, to the sorrow he would then experience in leaving his parents and family, he would reply: "I will then have Jesus as much as I desire, and with Jesus I shall have all." But God was satisfied with his desire, for, as we shall see, He found Gustave already ripe for heaven.

Gustave had a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin and a great compassion for the souls in purgatory. Whenever he saw a funeral passing by, he would ask to be permitted to accompany it for some distance, for it was the custom to go on foot to the cemetery. On such occasions he failed not to pray fervently for the deceased. For him death had no terrors; he considered it as the soul's return to its country. Such was the view he took of death from the age of four years. He nevertheless, keenly felt the death of those that were dear to him. The death of Don Rua was a hard trial for him, but he bore it calmly as he did all his other trials.

Being very delicate physically, he was often confined to his room by sickness; he rejoiced over this, saying: "I feel Jesus nearer to me, and now I need to think only on heaven." It happened several times that he obtained a temporary suspension of his fever to enable him to go to holy Communion, and after his return home, the fever would at once come back and resume its course.

On January 18th, 1911, he called on the Father Rector of the "Social Institute", thanked him for all he had done for him, and hinted that he considered his mission on earth as now about to end. Two days later he fell ill of pneumonia, and at once requested that the priest be sent for to hear his confession and give him holy Communion. In his delirium he exclaimed: "My Lady, my beautiful Lady, come!" After coming to himself, he said he had seen a beautiful Lady in white, who had come to take him on a long journey. The Salesian superior after his first visit to the sick boy, said to his mother: "Gustave no longer belongs to us, for he has already attained the height of perfection." Gustave, in fact, no longer had any earthly desires. He would often repeat: "The only wish I have is to do the will of God." The word *fiat* (God's will be done) was his constant prayer during the long days and nights of extreme suffering. He would then press his crucifix over his heart, thinking only on his divine Saviour, speaking of Him only and desiring Him only.

He had some one to read to him pious thoughts and the Life of St. Alphonsus; and he would make long meditations on what had been read to him. For six whole days he remained paralyzed and immovable with his arms extended in the form of a cross, without uttering the least complaint. It was in this position that he received the Holy Viaticum, Extreme Unction and the Papal Blessing, took leave of all the members of his family, made his last recommendations to them, recited frequently ejaculatory prayers, and, after saying in a loud voice, "Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints." Kissed his Crucifix and fell asleep in the Lord. This occurred on February 10th, the eve of the feast of the "Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes." The "beautiful Lady in white" had come to take him to the "everlasting wedding feast of the Lord." He was then only seven years, nine months and four days old. His funeral was like a triumph, for over the grief of all there hovered a great joy. Since then many favors are claimed to have been obtained from God through "that child of benediction."

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

## FATHER TIM CASEY

All Boggstown turned out at the "deepo" to see the rickety train rattle in and deposit the Boggstown quota of mail, express, and human freight. On this particular autumn afternoon, aforesaid quota consisted of the following [I know whereof I speak, for I saw the list in the *Boggstown Eagle*]: mail: three letters, a half-dozen copies of the *Farmers' Adviser*, and a sample number of that thrilling story paper, *Golden Moments*; express: two empty egg cases and a casting for Lew Jenkins' corn binder; human freight: the Rev. Timothy Casey, a fearless captain in the militant division of God's Church.

The good priest's eyes glistened with pleasure at sight of his old friend Barney, who had his two feet planted on the edge of the wooden platform and his broad back firmly set against the "deepo" wall, looking like a prop behind a coffer dam.

"You're the man to depend upon, Barney," cried Father Casey extending his hand.

Barney smiled a broad, healthy smile which it would do your heart good to see, brought himself to the perpendicular, pulled off his hickory hat, and grasped the priest's hand in a grip that bade fair to crush it.

"The rig is over here in front of the store," he said.

Father Casey climbed into the dusty spring wagon, while Barney undid the two-inch rope by which the off horse had been anchored to a hitching post. During the first few minutes there was little opportunity for conversation, for Barney was busy showing off his horses to the town by urging them down the street at a break-neck speed, raising a cloud of dust and singing out a hearty, "How're you," to every inhabitant within ear shot. After they had gotten well out on the country road and settled down to steady jog trot, the priest proceeded to draw out his companion whose frank natural manner and sterling common sense he so much admired.

"Barney," he began, "you know I often joked you about getting married; but now, in good earnest, tell me why it is you do not find a good Catholic girl and start a little home for yourself? You do not seem to have any aim or object in life except to exist from one day to the next."

Barney rolled his quid to the other cheek, spat squarely at a sign post, and replied:

"Where would I be findin' the girl that would help me to start a little home? They all have their cap set for one of them ten-cent doods from the city. Them that would marry a farmer like me, would straightoff be for gettin' an auttymobil, a Brussels carpet and a pianny. And they'd be so busy with votin' and visitin' that they would have no time for babies. No, Father Tim, 'tis hard enough for me to save my soul at any event without yokin' up with that kind of a pullin' mate."

"God knows," assented the priest with a sigh, "it happens only too often that even our Catholic girls are spoiled by frivolous companions, un-Christian surroundings, foolish reading, or infidel education. They are obsessed by the selfish, pleasure-loving, worldly spirit of the day, and they are unfit and unwilling to become true Christian wives and mothers. But Barney, you know as well as I, that there are many Catholic girls who are as good as gold and have none of these faults."

"True for you, Father Tim; howsoever I'm not for takin' chances. I've been soaked on a horse trade more than once when I could have taken my oath I was gettin' a bargain; and I'm ten times better at judgin' a horse than a woman."

"Well, what do you intend to do? You are past thirty now; how are you going to spend the rest of your days?"

"For the love of God, Father Tim, don't ask me that. It makes my heart sick to think of it." Thereupon he jerked the lines and whipped up the horses as if to get away from the unpleasant thought. Presently he said: "What do I intend to do, is it? Keep up the same old grind, I guess! And when I get so old and crippled up that I can't work, maybe, with the help of God, I'll have a few dollars to pay for my board and lodgin' till I die. Believe me, Father Tim, 'tis not a pleasant outlook by any manner of means."

"Come now, Barney, you have a grouch today," laughed the priest. "You lads have your diversions, and you seem to enjoy them too."

"We have them, and we spend our money for them, and we try to *imagine* we enjoy them; but what do they all amount to? Up to the time I was twenty-five or thereabouts, I thought a dance or a show or a party was a little bit of heaven, but I'm tired of them. They seem so empty and silly. If they do sometimes please me for the moment, what's left of them next mornin'? It disgusts me to think that I am a man in the prime of life and have nothing better to strive after."

"Dead Sea fruit, in very truth, eh, Barney?"



"What's that, Father? Fruit?" repeated Barney in a puzzled tone. "Oh, I get all the fruit I care for on the farm. I really enjoy *work* more than anything else. But every once in a while the thought comes: What am I workin' for? There's nobody dependin' on me for support or education. I'm usin' up my life and strength for nothin' else than to get the few dollars I spend for what I eat and wear or waste on stupid diversions. I'd love to work if I had something worth workin' for. But this thing of goin' through the same old monotonous grind day after day without an object in the world, it—it gets my goat! And besides it's so lonesome. Most of the young fellows I know I'm ashamed to say, Father Tim, that there are even Catholics among them,—seems as though they don't care for anything but sin. Dirty talk, filthy jokes, immoral pleasures, are the only thing they think of—the only things they live for. Now, I don't intend to damn my soul for dirt, and besides, I'm too proud of bein' *a man* to give up my manhood for the pleasures of a beast. So you can see, Father Tim, that since I don't fall for their fun, why I don't fit with the crowd. That's why I feel so much alone—alone even when there are a dozen fellows around me."

"When you are feeling lonesome, why don't you go over to the church and visit your best and truest Friend, Jesus Christ? Nobody need be lonesome while he has such a Friend ready to listen to him."

Barney dropped his eyes. In a tone half bashful, half reverent, he replied:

"Father, I'd like to. But what would the likes of me be doin', hangin' around the church? Sometimes when I'm drivin' home from a dance at night I stop the horse on the road before the church and look up at the little red light that is burnin' before our Blessed Lord, and I talk to Him until I hear another rig comin'. I would much rather spend the night there in the church than at the dance, but of course I can't do that. I like to think about our Blessed Lord and how He was born there in the cold stable, and how He was sorrowful in the garden and died upon the bitter cross. There is not much time to think about these things except sometimes in the corn field while I'm goin' on with my work."

"Barney," exclaimed the priest abruptly, "you ought to become a religious."

"A what?"



"A religious—a monk—a lay brother."

Barney looked at the priest: "Father, you're kiddin' me," he said.

"I'm doing nothing of the kind. I was never more in earnest in my life."

"God forgive you, Father Tim," he murmured, sadly shaking his head, "for even suggestin' for me to offer to live with them holy men of God! I've been too, too wicked to dare think of such a thing. I was a bad egg when I was younger. Many and many a wicked sin I did and hardly gave it a thought. Even now the devil gets the upper hand with me at times, try as I will to fight him off. So you see what a presumptuous fool I'd be even to think of goin' into a monastery."

"You have an altogether wrong idea about the whole matter, Barney," said the priest. "You are not required to *be* holy in order to become a lay brother, all you need is an honest desire to try to *become* holy. After you enter the monastery, the divine help you receive there will enable you to realize that desire. Neither does it matter how many sins you have committed in the past provided you have truly repented of them and have been trying for some time to lead a clean, upright Christian life."

"God knows I've been tryin'! But with all my tryin' I sometimes fall; so what's the use of goin' to the monastery only to be turned out again on account of my wickedness?"

"The fact that you sometimes fall in spite of your trying should not keep you out of the monastery; it should rather drive you into it."

"What do you mean, Father Tim?"

"I mean just what I say. If you remain where you are, you may go on falling and sometime die in sin and lose your soul. That is the greatest calamity that could befall any human being. If you enter the monastery you will be able to go to Confession at any hour of the day or night, you will be able to receive Holy Communion every morning, you will be far removed from the temptations that have led you to sin in the past, and you will continually be reminded of praying to God and His Blessed Mother for help. With all these powerful aids it is certain that you will succeed in breaking any bad habits that you have contracted. If you want to save your soul, enter the monastery and become a good lay brother."

"Father, I surely want to save my soul."

"Then why don't you write to the Missionary Fathers and beg them to take you?"

"Father, do you think they would have me? I never got much book learnin' in my youth."

"They do not require book learning. All they ask that you come with a sincere desire to save your soul."

"But of what use would I be to them? What could I do there?" queried Barney.

"You could do the very work they require of a lay brother. You know that women are never allowed in a monastery except in the parlor or in the chapel. Therefore the lay brothers must attend to all the domestic affairs while the Missionaries are busy preaching and hearing Confessions. The lay brothers must answer the door bell, sweep the house, help in the kitchen, take care of the garden, repair the buildings, serve Mass, attend to church and sacristy, and all that."

"Do the lay brothers live in the same house as the priests?"

"Most assuredly. They are members of the Order quite the same as the priests. They eat with the priests, go to the chapel with the priests for Mass and meditation, take the same vows and wear the same habit or dress as the priests. When they die, hundreds of Masses are offered up for them the same as for the priests. I have known many of the Missionaries who said they would be happier as a brother than as a priest, for the brothers have all the spiritual advantages of the priests and none of the dangers and worries. They have nothing to do but attend to their work and say their prayers and save their souls. They never need be bothered about money, for they are sure of shelter and food and clothing as long as they live, whether they are sick or well, whether they are able to work or not. They lead indeed an humble and hidden life, but it is upon humble and hidden souls that our Lord loves to bestow His choicest blessings. He Himself chose an humble and hidden life for thirty out of His thirty-three years."

"Father Tim, who are the Missionary Fathers that have lay brothers like that with them?"

"All the Missionary Fathers, all the religious orders: the Redemptorists, the Franciscans, the Benedictines, the Servites, and all of them. If you want to write to them I can give you the address of the nearest monastery. Or when you are in the city, you can go to the monastery yourself and tell them what you want. I have no doubt

that after they have seen your good dispositions, they will be ready to receive you."

"Father Tim, why don't they tell us about these things? Many a man that I know, if he dreamed that it was possible to get into a monastery, would be glad to quit the miserable, aimless life he is leading and go there to save his soul."

"And let me tell you, Barney, if more men were in the monastery, living and working for God alone, instead of outraging God by sin and crime, we should not have been visited by God's vengeance as we are in this horrible war."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

### ROME

On the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, great St. Peter's dressed in festal garments, welcomes thousands of visitors. Pilgrims arriving at St. Peter's behold a throng which seems able to flood the edifice to its very portals. Still more throngs are inside and continue to arrive during the solemn pontifical Vespers. The stranger wonders why all Rome is there. The answer is: To-day, on Rome's holyday, all go to St. Peter's: some from devotion, others from curiosity, but all to hear the "*Felix Roma*" (O happy Rome).

Why should Rome be happy? The hymn for the Vespers sung in St. Peter's on this feast gives answer:

"*O Felix Roma, quae duorum Principum  
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine:  
Horum cruore purpurata ceteras  
Excellis orbis una pulchritudines.*"

This might be translated thus:

O happy Rome, because of thine.  
Two Princes' blood  
So glorious, becam'st divine:  
By *their* life's flood,  
Thy purple robe, thou dost excell  
*Alone* as well  
The splendors of all earthly clime.

There are many Romes. There is ancient Pagan Rome, whose fall is marked by crumbled Forums, mutilated statues of Roman heroes

and deities, and tottering city walls, dear indeed to the antiquarian and historian, but not so much to the pious pilgrim except that these selfsame ruins commemorate the Church's triumph. There is ancient Christian Rome, traced in the amphitheatres, catacombs and subterranean churches. There is modern Rome, with its up-to-date appliances, frivolities, an anti-Catholic, anti-clerical and masonic spirit, the spirit of modernized Paganism and present-day atheism, where we find crimes of fashion, cheap suggestive plays and performances in both theatres and "movies". Modern Rome as opposed to the principles of Catholicity, does not appeal to the pious pilgrim; but the Rome of churches and holy places, the Rome of the Popes, Catholic Rome, the fruit and the development of ancient Christian Rome—this fills him with an ecstasy of delight. Take away the Church, the Holy See, and Rome becomes like any other city, save for the additional glory of antiquity. No wonder the Church calls Rome "happy" for having been ennobled by the consecrating blood of her Princes, Saints Peter and Paul. This is the Rome which makes the strongest appeal to the pilgrim's heart: Catholic Rome from St. Peter's days down to this very minute, nay, to the end of time; this the Rome which acts like a magic spell when its name is but mentioned; this the Rome which the saints loved so well and which should interest not only every Liguorian reader, but every Catholic in the world. St. Clement Hofbauer says: "He that has not the Church for his Mother, can not have God for his Father. He who does not honor the Holy Father, dishonors his Mother, the Catholic Church, and he who disobeys the sovereign Pontiff, is disobedient to Holy Church. As he is a wicked son who will not pray for his parents, so that Christian is wicked who does not pray much for the Pope."

Invert "*Roma*", the Latin for Rome, and you have the Latin word "*Amor*", meaning "*Love*". Verily to the Catholic heart Rome is a city of love. Here thousands stood the supreme test of love as they sacrificed their lives for their *greatest friend* and His doctrine. The early Christians were distinguished from other people by their mutual love: "See how the Christians love one another," said the Pagans. Pagan Rome once ruled the world and the world's ideals; so now, in a spiritual sense, Catholic Rome, the center of Christianity, rules the world; her head is the Vicar of the Prince of Peace; her see, the see of Peter to whom Jesus said: "Simon Peter, lovest thou me? Feed

my lambs; feed my sheep." Love is the test of the Papacy—hence the Pope calls himself "Servus Servorum Dei"—Servant of the Servants of God.

Rome gives us the whole Church in miniature, whose *one* visible head resides here. Thus our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Benedict XV, is the center of *unity*; his authority reaches each and every Catholic flock on the globe. Rome has ecclesiastical colleges for students from every nation, thus presenting both the *unity* and the *universality* of the Church. Take the College of the Propaganda: among its students are found representatives from the five races, students from America, Europe, Asia, Oceania and Africa. These students will be ordained by a duly authorized Bishop in communion with the Pope of Rome, and thence sent to teach and baptize the peoples of the world. Thus we see also the Church's *apostolicity*, since the Pope is the legitimate successor of St. Peter, and the Bishops in communion with him, of the Apostles. As for *sanctity*, Rome's proofs are legion, e. g., places of martyrdom, tombs and martyrs, relics, Beatifications and Canonizations almost without number, founders of religious orders that show the Church's manifold activity.

*Sanctity?* Rome breathes sanctity, it is in the air. Everywhere are footprints left by martyrs, confessors, and virgins. Churches are so numerous that if one sets out to find a certain church and loses his way, he is sure to find three other churches in close proximity. Rome's very streets, even the ruins of Paganism, furnish the precious bits which make up the grand mosaic of the Church's glorious history, a history of Christianity's triumph according to the saying that "the blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christians". Rome has infinite lessons, inexhaustible monuments sacred to the Church, shrines whose art in painting, sculpture and mosaic presents to the unlettered and learned alike the record of her saints and achievements written on every wall, a variety that does not confuse, but pleases, a variety that together with God's infinite beauty and Christ's immeasurable love, reflects the firmness, unity, sanctity and sublimity of His Church according to the words of Holy Writ: "Christ . . . loved the church and delivered himself up for it; that he might sanctify it . . . that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. V. 25-28.)

P. B.

## LITTLE TROUBLES AT HOME

ST. MATTHEW XXVI, 40-45.

"Man born of woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries" (Job XIV, 1). In a beautiful legend we are told about a man who was incessantly lamenting his hard lot, and was always complaining that his cross was the heaviest that human shoulders ever had to bear.

One night he had a dream. He found himself in a vast hall, crowded with crosses of every size and sort. His guardian angel was at his side and smilingly led him round from cross to cross, and told him: "Now examine them well, and then choose the one that suits you best." Naturally enough, he hurried over to the smaller ones. He picked them up, handled them, looked them over on all sides. They were of solid gold and heavy. They were studded with costly gems. He saw what that meant. They represented the high honors and great offices of the world; their worries and cares would have driven sleep from his eyes, and hedged him round with a host of jealous rivals who would leave no stone unturned to ruin him. He next tried the iron ones. But oh, they were so heavy! They bruised his shoulders! He passed on to the wooden ones. There was one that seemed rude and coarse at first. But he raised it on his shoulders, walked around with it awhile and then said: "Well, I will take this one. It just fits my strength." At this his guardian angel smiled still more pleasantly and bade him: "Look at it again, and see whether you don't recognize it." He did so and lo! it was the very cross that God had given him to bear all along. When he woke up next morning, he was a wiser man, and then and there made up his mind to let God choose for him in future. So it will be with us, when we wake up amid the joys of heaven. Then we will realize how kindly God has treated us all through our lives, and how stupid was all our peevish grumbling. Even Our Lord in all his dreadful agony was content to say: "Father thy will be done!" And so we will have peace of heart, no matter what comes. At least don't grumble all the time. It only makes our cross all the heavier and worst of all: it makes us an unbearable cross to those around us. If we have a tooth-ache, every body is made sick at heart by our evil temper. If we have a head-ache, our woe-begone lamentations make a hospital of the home. If we have a little fit of the "blues", every one is lashed sore and bleeding by our bitter words and ugly fuss. Would it not be a great blessing to the folks at home, if we spared them such needless pain? Just see how Our Lord treated his Apostles, how He spoke to them in His Agony, even when they appeared to have little claim to such kindness.

"*And he cometh to his disciples.*" What has He been doing till now? St. Luke tells us: "He rose up from prayer." Ah yes, now we remember the scene: His agony in the Garden and in the Grotto. There He had been praying in the darkness of the night, and amid the still darker shadows of certain and terrible death.

Grim spectres of treachery, of unjust condemnation, of cutting lashes and cruel thorns, of a blood-clotted cross, were haunting His soul, till He was weary enough to die. Now see: how He raises His pale face, painfully struggles to rise, then turns in the direction of the apostles. It must be some time after ten o'clock now. What can induce Him to seek them out? His words will explain it all.

1. On His own account. "*What! Could you not watch one hour with Me?*" He thought, they might yet be awake and watching with Him. He had hoped to find some sympathy, just a few kind words. Words may be so cheap.

They may seem feeble and helpless. But oh! When a person is suffering, a few words of comfort often bring such cheer and strength? They come like a sweet, refreshing drink to lips parched with thirst; like a soothing balm poured on smarting wounds. When we are suffering alone and left entirely to ourselves, our sorrow is doubled because then our overwrought imagination conjures up a thousand thoughts that only add a keener edge to the arrows of pain already quivering in our heart. Fear and terror put to flight the sombre reflections that might otherwise have sustained us. On the other hand, one kind word from a person truly devoted to us,—oh, what relief it brings? We feel as if we had some one's love to lean upon; as if half the burden were taken from our shoulders. *And now what lesson may we gather from Our Saviour's conduct?* It is allowed, in our sorrows, to seek consolation from others, especially from those who are nearest to us. But we must follow his example. First of all, He went to God His Father in prayer. This will secure us that courage, calmness and quiet strength which all must admire. Prayer will soften and temper our grief by the powerful influence of serious, religious reflection. Grace will fill our hearts with the peace of which the world knows nothing. Next, He goes only to the *proper persons*. How unbecoming when members of the family run about from door to door and publish everywhere the little annoyances that vex the home-circle. Sometimes we complain of the evil tongues of others, and forget that we were the first to advertise our troubles. At least spare our dear ones and don't make them the subject of common gossip. Lastly, how *short and simple* is all He says. He merely states His own case: My soul is sorrowful unto death. Not a word is whispered about those who are the cause of it. And our lamentations! How often we create bitter division, stir up discord in our relationship, which it takes years to heal. Life is strewn with thorns and brambles and pitfalls and stumbling-blocks already,—why add more? But there is another reason that urges Him to seek out the apostles just now.

2. On their own account. He suggests it in the words: "*Watch ye, and pray that ye enter not into temptation.*" He knew well enough what a fearful temptation would soon beset them. In spite of all His own personal agony He was anxious on their account and wanted to see whether they were on their guard, whether they were preparing themselves by earnest prayer. Yet, why should He bother about them? Was He not amply excused from all worries and duties? Ah, just here is *another point for us*. How easily we excuse ourselves from our sacred duty of watching over those whom God has entrusted to our care! Sometimes parents say: "Oh, our children are grown up and have sense enough to take care of themselves." But so were the Apostles. They had been with Our Lord three years, had received all sorts of graces, were saints, and nearly all of them died a martyr's death. Yet He looked after them. Parents say: "Oh, we prayed for them." But Our Lord prayed for them with a far holier and more effective prayer. Just a few hours ago He pronounced the long and beautiful prayer for them at the Supper-table. And yet He looks after them. Parents say: "I warned them so often." But Our Lord has warned them three times on the way out, and twice in the Garden. Surely enough. Yet He looks after them. Parents say: "Oh, I am so tired at the end of day, and need my sleep." But Our Lord was wearied and tired too; He felt the cold hand of death upon Him. Yet He looks after them. If we neglect our children, will we have any valid excuse on Judgment-day? But there is also a *consoling reflection* in all this: Our Lord is watching over us too. At times we feel downcast and desolate: "God has forgotten me altogether. He has no care for me!" Once, by day, the apostles were caught in a storm on the lake. Our Lord seemed so unconcerned that He slept. But one single prayer, and the Apostles realized how willing He was to save them. Once they were caught in a storm at night. Our Lord was not with them at all. But He was watching, and came walking on the waters and brought them safe to shore. Once Our Lord was sitting on Mt. Olivet and wept over the fate of Jerusalem. And while the hot tears were flowing down His cheeks, surely not one in all that city dreamed Our Saviour was thinking of him. And while the Apostles were so ungratefully asleep in the garden, who would think that Our



Lord was watching over them? Yet He was. Then fear not: He is watching over us!

"*And He findeth them asleep.*" Asleep? Impossible! He had asked so little of them, surely they would not deny Him this? Had He asked that they should suffer and die, we might understand some unwillingness. Simply to watch with Him, seemed so simple and natural.

Had He asked them to watch a long time, a whole day perhaps, their falling asleep might seem pardonable. But He begged only for a short while, an hour! Yes, in their *own interests* they could watch the whole night, as when they were fishing on the lake and caught nothing. The faintest hope of personal gain could keep them awake. How He must have felt himself slighted by the comparison? He was in such *need of a little sympathy*. Had He not told them how sad and tired He was? Could they not see in His pale and haggard features? Did they not hear His heart-rending prayer? Nay more, how could they possibly resist the *natural impulse* to pity Him? They pitied the unknown woman of Chanaan who begged that He heal her child. They pitied Our Lord himself when He was followed by the children, and they tried to chase them away. And now when He is about to die, have they no more pity for Him than to sleep? How His heart must have sunk within Him! You would think that His measure of suffering were already full and His heart could hold no more. But just as a drop of poison may slip into the brimming glass without causing it to overflow, and yet impart its deadly vigor to all contained in the glass; just so the little drop of disappointment and abandonment could still add a deeper shade of bitterness to His sorrow. When Cæsar saw the swords of his murderers glittering above him, he fought like a lion at bay. But when he noticed that Brutus, the friend of his heart, had deserted him and was among his enemies, his courage failed, and he fell to the ground with the moan: "And thou too, my son!" Such must have been the pang that shot through Our Savior's heart when He said to Peter: "Simon, sleepest thou?"

Was it not *their duty* to stay awake? They admitted their obligations to Him and called Him Master and accepted the yoke of His law. Now He asks this little service; He, their Lord and God! Were they not bound in virtue of *fidelity*? We remember the solemn promises they had made so often, and had repeated just a short while ago. At the very least, was it not a sacred debt of *gratitude*? He had always shown them the most delicate sympathy. When they were hungry in the desert He fed them with miraculous bread. When they had labored a whole night on the lake and had labored in vain, He consoled them with a miraculous draught of fish. When they were so slow to believe His words, when their dullness of heart made them misunderstand his teachings, when their foolish self-love induced them to quarrel about the first place; surely all this was very annoying, and yet He always pitied and pardoned. No one is surprised at the remark: "They knew not what to answer Him" (St. Mk. XIV, 40).

However why waste time in dwelling on their fault! Are we not to blame as well? How many times during the years of our life, did He come to us and find us asleep? Asleep, for we heard not the whispers of conscience that warned us away from sin. Asleep, for we saw not the dangers into which we rashly walked, though danger-signals were posted to right and left. Asleep, for we spoke not when it was our bounden duty to speak and guard the souls committed to our keeping. Asleep, for we stirred not hand or foot to stop the scandals we had given, or to promote the cause of God and His Church. No, it were far better for us to deal gently with the fault of the Apostles, for Holy Writ adds: "He found them sleeping for sorrow." We can imagine the excitement of that memorable day. Their sorrow proves that deep down in their hearts the embers of love were still warmly glowing. But ours is the sleep of downright indifference! If the hour of death overtake us in that stupor of sin, what will we answer our Judge?



"*And he saith:*" Ah,—this will be of supreme interest to us: to know just what He said under those circumstances. What would we have said? When we are laboring under some of the ordinary little ailments to which our bodily life is subject, then every ear is filled near unto splitting with the story of our grievances, every nook and cranny of the home is ringing with the echoes of our woes.

Our Lord said to Peter: "*What could you not watch one hour with me!*" Surely, they well deserved some sort of a rebuke. This fact brings His mildness and moderation into brighter light. He says *nothing more!* Notice the absence of all opprobrious terms. He does not overwhelm them with a long list of all their former blunders. He does not remind them of all the favors He once lavished on them. He ever treated them as the best of friends, gave them the power of working miracles, made them the pillars of His church. A few moments ago He humbly knelt before them with towel and basin to wash their feet. He fed them with His Body and Blood in Holy Communion. He would have covered them with untold confusion, had He recalled it all,—but not a word!

And *what is more:* when He came back the second time, He found them sleeping again. We would look for a very torrent of reproach and a storm of invective, whose keenest blast would be embittered by a stinging reminder of their previous fault. And yet,—this time He says nothing at all, but quietly goes back to His prayer! Only the heart of a God can be so mild and gentle. And now, do we imagine that we have reached the topmost pinnacle of His patience? Not yet.

There is still *another height* to which He rises, and it is this: He never more speaks of it again. He forgets it all. Even after the Resurrection, He does not hold it up to them, does not flaunt it in their faces. How we can brood over our little wrongs, and wait for a chance, no matter how long after, to remind people how mean they were to us! This is all the more admirable in Our Lord when we remember how the apostles followed up one blunder by another. Now they slept, and when the guards came to arrest Our Lord they all took to their heels and fled, and through the awful day of His Passion none came to look after Him, except St. John. But no matter; He forgives and forgets it all. Now we *might reflect:* Good Lord, I understand you now; and I am thoroughly ashamed of myself; and for love of you, I am sorry for all my grumbling at home! He will look on us kindly: "My child, I thank you for that word of sympathy and appreciation. But look again, my lesson is not over yet!"

In fact He did say something more to the Apostles. To scold them and blame them? No, but to excuse their very fault. "*The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak.*" First of all He *forgives* them. As if He said: Yes, I know it all well enough: Your heart and soul are true to Me; it was only the weakness of nature that caused your sleep, and this weakness is hardly any fault of yours. He then goes on to *defend* them. Outwardly your sleep makes a sorry showing; but it is only a sham; your true worth lies in your generous spirit, which is ready and willing for any sacrifice. He seems rather to *praise* them and give them credit for a love and devotion which is sadly belied by all the evidence of the case. Is He not noble and generous? How differently *we act!* No matter how pure and holy the actions of others, no matter how much all the external evidence tells in their favor, yet we are unkind enough to impute evil motives, and scent all sorts of sinister intentions. No matter if others work their fingers sore in our service, yet nothing will satisfy us. The most valid excuses are discounted. No wonder their are bleeding hearts and tear-stained eyes in homes where all should be love and happiness. You may say: Well, now I admit, He went to the utmost limits of possibility; and that is more than enough. Wrong, again! Once we set out to explore the deep recesses of His Sacred Heart, we will always come upon new treasure-troves

of mercy. He goes so far as to forget His own needs, and begins to take care of them as if they were the sufferers. When He came to His disciples the third time and again finds them asleep, He bends over them with a look of unspeakable tenderness. His mere silence would have revealed a miracle of patient love; but, thank God! He also spoke, and his words make even our insensible hearts leap for joy: "*Sleep ye now, and take your rest*". We are enchanted with the picture of a mother watching at the bedside of her child. Then how our hearts must warm to the picture of Our Lord himself, saturated with indescribable pain, oppressed with the agony of death, still able to forget Himself and think only of His Apostles, and watch over them that their sleep might be undisturbed. Though they refuse him this slight token of pity and will not watch with him, yet He finds it in His heart to pity them and watch over them! He gathers all the enormous weight of His Passion within His own heart, just that His loved ones may be spared, and may sleep in peace. Let us stop here. No picture lovelier than that of a God so tender to poor sinners!

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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## LUTHERANISM

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The year of the fourth century of Lutheranism is fast drawing to a close. During the past year, more than ever, Luther has been lauded to the skies, hailed as a shining light, extolled as a reformer, honored as the father of modern progress. What claim has he to such praises? In previous numbers of the LIGUORIAN during the current year, the endeavor has been to examine the material upon which Luther builded, and to trace, in outline, the development of his movement. We will now briefly go over the results of his life-work, inquiring what he did to elevate society, to chasten politics, to spur on literary progress, to develop doctrine. Luther claimed to reform, to change the existing evils to good, to bring the prodigal world back to God. From a consideration of the effects of Luther's teaching, the world is ungrateful enough to give small thanks to the Reformer. Christ's word is still accepted: "By their fruits you shall know them;" and the world after Luther was worse than before him.

### EFFECTS ON SOCIETY.

What has Lutheranism done for Society? The world before the birth of Lutheranism had strayed somewhat from the narrow path. Authority was despised, family life degraded, luxury and vice embraced. The world cried out for reform. Did Luther bring the reform for which the world was sighing.

It is a universally admitted fact that the well-being of any nation depends on the family life, upon its exercise of the social virtues.

Luther was a priest and monk. He abandoned his plighted vows of both orders for the luxurious embrace of Catherine Bora whom he assumed as wife. His example was only too generally followed, and Christ's ideal of a celibate life was abandoned by an apostate clergy. He not only abrogated celibacy for his clergy, he dealt a death blow to family unity. When Henry VIII. of England could no longer confine his passions to the embraces of one wife, Luther advised him to take two. That he meant his words is evident from the fact that he made them good in the case of Philip of Hesse whose open bigamy he sanctioned. The canker-worm of society, even to this day, is divorce: we owe its elevating ethics among Christian peoples to the great Reformer, Luther. How can society stand? How can the family be built on such foundations? Is it any wonder that Luther himself admitted a worse Sodom under the "Gospel" than under the Papacy?

Society was split with many discords when Luther appeared. What did he do to re-establish order? Imbued with the lax principles of the "New Gospel", society was paying the price of revolt. Peace, order, and happiness ceased to exist. Tolerance gave place to intolerance, self-sacrifice to selfishness, purity and integrity to passion and dishonesty. "Instead of fasting, men eat and drink day and night; instead of helping the poor they rob them; instead of praying they blaspheme and dishonor Jesus Christ in a way that even the Turks would not have dared to do; finally, instead of Christian humility, pride and love of display is in their hearts," so writes one of Luther's disciples, describing his associates.

To add to the evil, peasants, lorded over by an unscrupulous nobility, were pressed almost to starvation by unbearable taxes. The down-trodden people lost all sense of responsibility and would brook no restraint. Riots broke out everywhere and infuriated mobs rushed headlong through towns and villages spreading devastation in their path. Stupid with wine, maddened with oppression, they burned and demolished whatever they could. Lands were overrun, crops destroyed, castles and lordly dwellings burned, and in the wake of such lawless conduct followed murder and bloodshed. Men distrusted their neighbors, lost confidence in their friends, hated themselves. Class hatred grew stronger and stronger, and the natural outcome was untold horror and suffering occasioned by provincial strife and civil conflict. Little did Luther think that the seeds of discord he had sown would spring

up into trees beyond his strength to fell. Would it not have been better for the welfare of society had Lutheranism never seen the light? Luther himself confessed: "I have almost abandoned all hope for Germany, so universally have avarice, luxury, tyranny, wickedness, and ingratitude taken possession of the nobility, courts, towns, and villages. I am tired of this hideous Sodom. There remains now but a deluge of sin and unholiness."

#### EFFECTS ON POLITICS.

When Luther unfurled his banner of reform he found the relations of Church and State strained to the breaking point. The Church, by reason of her divine right, ruled in spiritual matters, and in temporals, had lived in harmony with the State. When the false liberty of Humanism gained sway her authority was trampled under foot. The "Western Schism" opened the door to the interference of secular rulers, concessions were made and the State, forcing the wedge, conceived the bold plan of subjecting the Church to its sway. With this course of events Luther accorded perfectly. How little he did to re-establish fallen authority, to purify politics, to create individual freedom, history attests. Luther introduced revolt, not reform.

Far from introducing a spirit of honesty into politics, Luther fell in heartily with the practices of the time. As the position of the nobles grew stronger and that of the peasants weak, he threw in his lot with the more powerful. This more than anything else, helped to propagate his new religion. Had Luther not catered to politics he would have fallen as quickly as he arose. But, urged on by the Elector of Saxony, backed by the Landgrave, Philip of Hesse, he had little to fear. With a religious belief behind which he enabled nobles to conceal their real projects, the day was not distant when Germany would have soul as well as body subject to her laws.

For individual liberty, see what Luther brought about. He had broken from Rome; he was now to behold the consequences of courting dishonest politics, of taking authority from a Pope whose position he questioned, to place it in the hands of wicked, aspiring princes whom he knew to be bad. "Who rules the land, rules the religion," the ensign of pagan Rome, was now in evidence more than ever. The religion of each state wavered with the advent of each new prince; the consciences of individuals were torn asunder with religious discord. Princes, in no way capable of imparting religious doctrine, took upon

themselves to teach the people, and to enforce their beliefs upon them. Whole cities and towns were in this way compelled to model their religion on the religion of the rulers. The Palatinate changed its religion four times in sixty years. Before Luther's advent, the peasants had at least some freedom,—freedom of conscience; but now they were governed by absolutism, crushed and treated as slaves, thrown into prison, and made to undergo all manner of torture. That Luther failed in building up an independent German church is evident. Misery, disorder, bloodshed, tyranny, the Thirty Years' War,—these are the legacies Lutheran politics left the world.

#### INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.

Paganism and false Humanism fresh from the Renaissance had awakened the intellectual activity of Europe, and sent it forward with a new impetus when Luther appeared with his new system of thought. There was a complete revival of pagan philosophy, pagan art, pagan literature. Christian philosophy was discarded for something catering more to sensationalism and sentiment. Immoral songs, lewd poems, filthy satires formed the literature for millions. Christian art and literature were cast aside for pagan ideals. What did Luther do to revive the progress of the thirteenth century, to elevate thought, to restore literature, culture, and art to their positions of prominence?

Luther scoffed at the writings of St. Thomas, deeming them coarse and simple, cast odium on the study of the Fathers, bitterly inveighed against Scholastics, and in their place substituted a mysticism, philosophically and theologically groundless. Private judgment and faith without works, basic tenets of his system, soon did their work. Men scorned all authority, declaring the Church's doctrine above reason, and, therefore, too subtle for human intellect. Infidelity soon set in, and was quickly followed by a rationalism that must lead to materialism.

Did Luther chasten literature, and give to its form and expression the elegance so necessary to it? Far from it. Poetry fell from her high station; the drama descended to buffoonery, and licentious history was crowded with lies and calumnies. Look at Luther's own writings. His coarse vulgarity, at times, his barbarous expressions, are totally unfit for decent ears. Can you imagine anything more crude than his polemics against the Pope and priests? And yet, Luther

is hailed as the father of literary progress. Read his table-talk and you will see what he will do with literature.

Not only did Luther oppose literature, he tried to do away with all culture and education. At his own instigation, monasteries were burned and valuable manuscripts, the labor of years, were destroyed; churches with their beautiful masterpieces of art were razed to the ground amid the laughter and approval of the mob; libraries with all the wealth they had gathered from early centuries were consigned to the flames. No wonder Erasmus asked: "Does not Luther call the Philosophy of Aristotle diabolical? Has he not written that knowledge, either practical or theoretical, is damned? that all knowledge is but sin and error?" And is this progress? This, you say, is the intellectual activity Luther aroused.

#### EFFECTS OF DOCTRINE.

How did Luther find the doctrine of the Church when he came to bring peace to the world? From its very birth, Christianity has been assailed by many heresies, attacked by many new doctrines, but it ever remained stable, one and uniform. How different was that doctrine when Luther moulded it into his own forms.

With "Justification by Faith", with "Universal Priesthood," with "The Supremacy of the Bible", Luther established his own religious creed. How direful the effects! By his "Justification by Faith Alone", he did away with all good works. "Sin freely, but believe the more firmly" was his advice. Can anyone doubt to what such a doctrine would lead? By his "Universal Priesthood" Luther tore down the Divine government of Holy Church, so necessary to maintain unity and order, deprived the Pope of his authority, spread far and wide the doctrine that every man is his own teacher. It is this doctrine that has made so many sects in Protestantism today. There must be a final court of appeal to sit in judgment in defining fundamental doctrine. Because this was wanting under the "Universal Priesthood", none knew what was to be held, what to be rejected, what was doctrine, what heresy. By the "Supremacy of the Bible" together with its free interpretation, Luther undermined his own religious system. All are entrusted to interpret the bible as they wish; every one judges for himself. The fallacy and baneful consequences of such a doctrine are apparent. Souls, many honest souls with vague conflicting opinions, wandered about from sect to sect trying first this one and then that

with little satisfaction. No longer was religion that haven of refuge, that harbor of peace into which souls steer and find rest. To them, Luther who promised peace of mind and quiet of conscience, gave only doubt and spiritual anguish.

#### CONCLUSION.

We have seen what Lutheranism has done; we have gone over its effects. Luther's supposed mission failed, and failed hopelessly,—such of necessity is the world's verdict. That his supposed mission had been in vain, Luther had himself admitted in the later years of his life. When he saw all the miseries he had brought on, when he saw all the restless, wandering souls, he had seduced from the true fold, he was forced to acknowledge that his life work was productive of little fruit. Thus it has ever been. Like a huge rock in the sea, Holy Church has stood the test of centuries, and as time steals on, she grows ever more firm, ever more irresistible. And when the world shall have come to an end, and death and judgment are at hand, the cross of Christ will shine above the whole world to flash out victory, joy, and consolation to all those who have lived true to His precepts in His holy church.

M. G. KENNEDY, C. Ss. R.

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### PERFECTION CONSISTS IN THE LOVE OF GOD

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All the holiness, all the perfection of our soul consists in the love of Jesus Christ, our God, our supreme Good, our Savior. "The Father Himself loveth you, because you have loved Me" (St. John, XVI, 27). St. Francis de Sales says that those are in error who make perfection consist in anything else than the love of God: "Some make perfection consist in austerities, others in alms-giving, others in the frequentation of the sacraments, others in prayer. For myself, I know of no other perfection than to love God with one's whole heart." Hence the Apostle recommends charity above all things, calling it the "bond of perfection", for charity unites and preserves all the virtues which make men perfect. Wherefore St. Augustine says: "Love God and do what you please," because when a soul loves God, that very love will keep it from doing anything that would displease Him and will make it do all His wishes.

Solomon, speaking of heavenly wisdom which is nothing else but the virtue of charity, calls it an infinite treasure, because he who has



charity "becomes the friend of God." We read often in Scripture that God loves those who love Him, that He remains in them and they in Him. Such is the beautiful union brought about by charity: it unites our soul to God! And God is infinite perfection.

Furthermore, charity gives us the strength to do and suffer all things for God. "Love is strong as death" (Canticles, VIII, 6). Nothing is impossible of achievement for the ardor of love, St. Augustine tells us, for when we love, the difficulties are not felt, or they are loved. Here are the words of St. John Chrysostom when he speaks of the effect of divine love in a soul: "When the love of God has taken possession of a soul, it produces therein an insatiable desire to work for the object of that love. Then, no matter how numerous and how great may be those labors, no matter how long the time that soul consecrates to the service of the Lord, the soul looks upon it all as though it were nothing, it is always fearful of not doing enough for God, and were it allowed, it would be happy to die and be consumed for the love of God."

If all men but understood this great truth: "But one thing is necessary!" It is not necessary to be rich, to gain the applause of men, to lead a comfortable life, to possess dignities and honors, to be esteemed learned—no, the only necessary thing is to love God and to do His holy will. How quickly we would arrive at perfection if in all things we would allow ourselves to be guided by divine love and the desire to please God!

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

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## A QUEER SANTA CLAUS

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"Come bo, here's where you get off." And the stalwart brakeman of Freight No. 10, which had just pulled into the Chicago Yards leaped into the box car whose door stood ajar. He was followed by his no less stalwart flagman.

"Move lively now," urged the brakeman again. "We're not going to stay here all night."

Thus adjured the tramp in the corner rose sullenly to his feet. The brakeman raised his arm as if about to hasten his departure, and the hand of the tramp moved swiftly towards his hip.

"Let that gun alone—put those hands up," gritted the flagman.



The tramp turned. He was facing a revolver in the hands of the train man. Putting his hands doggedly above his head he moved to the door of the car. As he reached it a kick from the brakeman sent him sprawling on the snow outside. He cursed, but the gun still covered him and he was helpless. He moved down the track muttering imprecations on all trainmen in general and on his two tormentors in particular.

"What do you know about that for a hard one to handle?" queried the flagman as the two moved back towards the caboose. "Going to shoot us up. And on Christmas Eve at that."

"Lucky you had that pop," answered his companion, "some of those wearies are regular gunmen."

Meanwhile the subject of their remarks was plodding on his way towards the lights of the city. At the outskirts of the town he stopped. Taking a knife from his pocket he slit a seam in his coat and pulled from the lining a grimy handkerchief. He unfolded it and a small store of silver and a greenback were displayed.

"Three dollars-four-twenty-three-five," he murmured counting it; "Three dollars and thirty-five cents between you and starvation, Red. That's not enough this side of Frisco." And again he cursed the trainmen volubly. "Not a friend in the place," he muttered, "an' its Christmas Eve. Red, my boy, Christmas or no Christmas, you've got to make a strike."

He shivered in the glare of a street lamp, pulled his coat collar up and his hat down and then by back streets he made his way to a section of the city which abounded in cheap restaurants and garish cafes.

"Eats before work," he soliloquized, entering a restaurant that appeared to be empty of customers. "Gimme an oyster stew and coffee and pie," he growled to the proprietor.

"Cash in advance from transient customers," replied the latter amiably, "seventy-cents, please."

The tramp threw the money on the table and growled: "Hurry up, I'm hungry."

He devoured the food set before him voraciously, as only one who has not eaten for a day can do. Then he went out again into the night.

"Now for a crib to crack," he murmured.

Carefully avoiding the light of the electric lamps and dodging every

spot that might possibly contain a policeman, he wended his way through the clear cold starlit night to the fashionable quarters of Chicago. He sought a house that stood back from the street. And soon found one to his liking; a stately mansion surrounded by a high wall, with shrubbery in close proximity to its windows.

"This looks good to me," said the tramp to himself. "Let's see what's doin'."

He looked cautiously up and down the street. Then with a quick agile leap he was over the fence. In the shadow of the shrubbery he examined his revolver.

"All O. K., Red," he whispered. "Get on the job." Stealthily he moved in the direction of a window from which light was streaming and looked in. A tiny stocking hung from a mantel-piece. It was stuffed as Christmas stockings are wont to be, and round the fire were heaped the toys which proved that the inmates of the home were well to do. Luxury was in everything about the room. A man and woman stood before the grate and their appearance showed they were of the number whom the tramp outside called "blue Bloods." The ferret eyes of the man outside took in the contents of the room in a glance. Then he slunk back behind the shutter, yet not so far away as not to be able to hear what the people in the room were saying. His ear was glued to the shutter.

"All is finished, Marie," the man was saying; "you had better go to bed. I am going to finish my cigar before retiring."

"Very well, John," replied the wife; "I do feel sleepy. And we can do nothing more to surprise Margery. Be sure and don't sit up too long." She moved towards him and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Good-night, dear," she said and was gone.

"Good night, Marie," answered her husband. Then he seated himself at the fire and lit his cigar which had gone out.

The man in the shrubbery again peered through the window. "Things are going my way," he mused, "I'll bet that lady owns some fancy stones. Red, they're as good as yours, if the duffer inside only gets out of the way."

The cigar was almost finished. The gentleman at the fire reached into his wockets and th pocket and took thenreupuocerffilseoffishrdl into his pocket and took therefrom a jeweler's case. "Dear Marie," he whispered softly to himself; "I must surprise you too. Here is the

diamond you were wishing for. I shall be your Santa Claus. I'll leave it here on the table where your eye will meet it the first thing in the morning." He opened the case. Gems sparkled in the firelight. He closed the case again, threw his cigar into the fireplace. Then he placed the case on the table, turned out the light and left the room.

The eyes of the tramp at the window glistened. "Ha, ha," he chuckled, "why Red, they are even saving you the trouble of leaving the first floor. Right on the table, where all you've got to do is lift this window and take them. Great Scott, people do get careless at Christmas."

He crept back behind a tree and settled down to wait until the inmates of the dwelling were asleep. Almost an hour he lay in the snow. He was cold, but he was used to that. A policeman passed on his beat—and the tramp lay still as a mouse. As soon as the minion of law was well down the street the thief bestirred himself.

"Come Red, you've got to finish your work before that Johnny comes this way again. Which same will be in half an hour," he muttered. Which expression of his feelings showed that Red was wise in the ways of policedom.

A stealthy hand passed rapidly over the window-sash, and a quick eye glanced at the fastenings.

"Dead easy," said the owner of the hand and eye. "Not even a burglar alarm."

Silently the window was raised, after a jimmy had noiselessly broken the flimsy catch that held it. A leap put Red inside. On the instant his revolver was in his hand. Red was evidently an expert and took no chances. Ere long the jeweler's case was in his other hand,—open. "Good for five hundred at least," thought the thief. He moved to the fireplace and in the light of its flames surveyed the mantelpiece for other valuables. He was startled by a voice.

"Oh Mr. Santa Claus, I've caught you at last."

The thief turned revolver ready to fire. Then he lowered the gun.

"Pshaw, it's only a kid—and she thinks I'm the jolly old gent that brings the toys," he muttered. "No use shooting her. I can make my getaway easier than that."

"You don't look like your pictures at all Santa," continued the voice as a little girl of about seven years old came up to the prowler and took him by the hand. "But Oh, Santa, how good you are," she

exclaimed delightedly as the toys and stocking met her gaze. "And I wasn't a good little girl at all. Mama said you mightn't come if I wasn't good."

The tramp was nonplussed. He did not know for once what to do. But the chatter of the child saved him.

"Where's your reindeer Santa? And are you mad because I caught you?" queried the little one.

"Not at all," said the tramp finding voice, "but you must go back to bed—you'll catch cold."

"No I won't," said the child; "it's warm here. But you came in the window. I thought you came down the chimney."

"Oh, in a house where the fire is burning, I have to come in at the window," responded the tramp.

"Sit down Santa," said the child forcing the dazed Red to a seat. "I want to ask you something. Did you ever see the Infant Jesus?"

"Good Lord!" muttered the tramp. The question stunned him. He had not always been a tramp.

"No," he answered; "what makes you ask?"

"Cause you are so good," answered the child, "I'm going to make my First Holy Communion tomorrow. And mama said if I am good the Infant Jesus will come and stay with me always. And He will take me some day to live with Him in Heaven. You are so good Santa. I'm sure you must live in Heaven. Don't you?"

"Not exactly," said the tramp huskily. The prattle of this tot was moving him strangely. Scenes long forgotten came up before him. Home—such as it had been—a church—and then his life—his wicked wasted life flashed before his eyes and he shrank from the touch of this innocent child at his side.

"But some day, you'll go there, won't you, Santa?"

"I hope so," said the tramp but his voice sounded doubtful.

"Oh if you do,—ask the Infant Jesus to make me always good like you. I'm going to tell Him I want to be good when I go to Holy Communion tomorrow. Did you ever make your First Holy Communion, Santa?"

Red groaned. There is one memory that never dies. And the Day of his First Communion rose now before the mind of this prodigal of life's opportunities.

"Yes, yes," he sobbed, "but it's long,—long ago. And I was not always good, little one."

"Why, Santa, you're crying," said the child; "Don't cry for being bad. The Little Jesus always forgives us when we're sorry. Father Kenning told us so. Just tell Him you won't be bad any more." And the child leaned over and kissed the rough face of the burglar, who buried his face in his hands whilst the silent tears rolled down his cheeks.

Then a clock struck somewhere, and he awoke to where he was.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated; "it's almost time for that cop to come again."

He rose and thrust the child gently aside.

"Yes, little one, I am sorry," he said, "and I'm going to be better. Say a prayer for me tomorrow. Here's something for your mother from Santa." And he took the jewel case for which he had dared so much from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"Good-night, child," he murmured as he moved towards the window; "go to bed again now quietly and do not disturb anyone."

"Good-night, Santa," said the child, turning wistfully towards the door. "I love you very much." And she waved farewell to the robber as he leaped catlike to the ground.

Once outside the robber wasted no time. A few swift strides took him to the fence. Over it he went at a bound. Almost too late. The Officer was in sight.

"Stop!" came the curt command.

But Red paid no heed. He had seen his danger and was in full flight.

A whistle shrilled. This meant a signal to an officer further down the street. Red sped to the next corner—grumbling under his breath. The whistle shrilled again. The policeman was coming on at full speed.

At the corner, the fleeing burglar stopped and crouched close against the wall of a house, revolver in hand. The coming officer was on the heels of Death.

"It's his own fault," gritted Red; "he ought to keep that whistle quiet." Suddenly the memory of the scene before the fireplace came to his mind. The revolver went hurtling into the gutter, and Red turned again to flee.

"I can't kill even a cop after that,—on Christmas Eve," he whispered. "She loved me 'cause I'm good."

"Halt!" came the call again. The officer had turned the corner. Red began to zig zag from side to side as the revolver cracked. It was in vain. The officer knew his business. One-two-three bullets in quick succession sped down the street. One struck the fleeing man in the leg and as he fell another low-aimed bullet crashed into his back.

Red was an unconscious heap on the snow.

"Good Lord!" murmured his pursuer regretfully as he came up to his quarry; "to have to shoot a man on Christmas Eve."

Another Officer came speeding up.

"A yeggman down and out!" said the man who had shot. "Ring up the Mercy Hospital. No jail for him. He's almost finished."

Red revived as they were carrying him into the hospital.

"For God's sake, a priest!" he moaned. And a kind hearted policeman hastened to grant his request.

The wounded man was hardly in bed ere a priest was at his side. Into the kindly ear of Father Bryan Red poured the contrite story of his wasted life. Soon the hand of the priest was raised to absolve him. Anointed and fortified with the Bread of Life, the poor wayfarer was ready for his Christmas journey.

"God bless that kid, Father," said Red who had told his story of the burglary, "it was she who brought me back to the Little Jesus."

"The policeman who shot you is waiting outside to beg your forgiveness," said the priest; "he is a Catholic, poor man, and feels very sad about the affair."

"That kid saved his life, too," said Red. "I was waiting round the corner with my gun cocked, when I thought of my promise to her. And I never miss."

"It would have been terrible had you killed him," said the priest; "he has a large family."

"Bring him in, Father," said Red; "there isn't much time left. That bullet hit me hard."

The priest opened the door and the policeman entered. He could not utter a word. Red reached out a hand and clasped that of his slayer.

"I'm glad you did it. Don't feel bad," he gasped; "I'm all O. K. with God now. And I wouldn't have been,—but for you. I'd have gone to my old tricks tomorrow."

"Ah, but it's hard on Christmas Eve," said the officer sadly. "This is only filling my cup."

"He has a little daughter in this very hospital," said Father Bryan; "she cannot live unless she goes to Colorado for the winter and the poor man can't afford to send her."

"You won't have to spend Christmas in jail for doing me up, will you?" queried the patient.

"No,—thanks to Father Bryan that is fixed," said the officer. "He secured bond for me."

"Good for you, Father," said Red weakly; it was evident he was going fast.

"Don't try to speak. Turn your thoughts to God," said the priest.

"Ah, Father, I've only got a few minutes and I want to do something before I go." And Red grinned to the surprise of the beholders. "Maybe I'm going to be Santa Claus after all, as that kid took me to be. Can you get my coat, Father?"

The priest went to the door wonderingly, said a word to an orderly and in a minute returned with the blood stained garment.

"Reach in my pocket and get my knife and slit the lining of the left sleeve," said Red handing the coat to the officer.

The latter did as he was bidden. A ragged piece of paper was disclosed.

"That kid's going to Colorado after all," whispered Red. He was clenching his hands in pain. It was clear time was short.

"Here's me picture, Father," he said handing the paper to the priest, "and don't forget that this policeman brought me here. It was him alone." And Red fell back unconscious.

The priest leaned over him,—a nurse applied a restorative to his nostrils and he came back to consciousness.

"Read the paper, Father," he murmured weakly.

"Ten Thousand Dollars Reward!" began the priest, "for the capture dead or alive of Red Morris—alias Tom King. Wanted for the robbery of the First National Bank of Philadelphia and for the murder of two policemen."

"That's me!" interjected Red. "I didn't get anything out of that deal. Officer, the money belongs to you. Send the kid away. And tell her, tell her to pray,"—the voice was trailing into weakness, "pray for me."



The officer knelt and clasped the hand of the criminal while tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Fa-ther, bl-bless me!" gasped Red. The priest raised his hand.

"God bless that kid who saved me!" murmured the dying man.

"A queer S-Santa Claus—My—Je—sus—Mer—cy!" A gasp—a sigh, and Santa Claus had gone to see the Infant Jesus. It was Christmas morning.

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

### **REDEMPTORIST CALENDAR 1918**

"Just a year ago," writes Father Bond, "THE REDEMPTORIST CALENDAR OF HOLY AND BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS spread its wings and floated out in the great world of letters. With no little trepidation did I make such a venture. But the generous reception accorded exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Seven thousand copies were purchased in three weeks and hundreds of glowing appreciations were received from persons in every walk of life. These many golden opinions from priests, from educators, from business men, from religious of both sexes, from the old and young have emboldened me to try again. Again have I roamed the garden of our Holy Father, St. Alphonsus, culling three of his beautiful hymns and many choice selections from his spiritual writings. Once again have I borrowed some beautiful thoughts from Father Enright, who, though dead, still speaketh. I am again indebted to the Redemptorist magazine, 'THE LIGUORIAN,' published at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, for several choice poems. A new feature this year is the picture cover and a quotation on each page from that sterling spiritual book, second only to the Bible—"The Imitation of Christ."

"This little Calendar was gotten up with three ends in view. First—To introduce 'Our Lady of Perpetual Help', our miraculous picture, and our Redemptorist Saints where they are not known. Secondly—To do a little missionary work by inculcating the practice of virtue, thereby helping souls to salvation, and spreading holy and beautiful thoughts among the people. Thirdly—To help build a chapel for our Redemptorist missionary students at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, of which they stand badly in need."

Price (carriage prepaid) 30c apiece; boxed and tasseled 40c apiece.

Address: Rev. W. T. Bond, C. Ss. R., 1118 N. Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Catholic Anecdotes</h2>	
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### HOW ELDORE WAS SAVED

It was Christmas Eve in a beautiful village of what had once been Merry England; but the people talked softly behind closed doors, curtains were drawn, and not a sound of joy enlivened the chill air. Word had been passed about from one to another, that the Puritans were coming to tear down everything that savored of the holy season.

Children ran weeping to the arms of their mothers—all but one little boy, who had been so busy with one thing and another that he had not heard the tidings; or, if he had heard, perhaps had not comprehended. He was a little choir-boy and put his toys away early; for the choristers had been told to repair that night,—the vigil of the Nativity,—to the Cathedral to practise the Christmas carols which were to greet the blessed morning. So the boy went as usual to his place in the choir-stalls of the old Cathedral lighting the candles himself, and wondering why the sacristan had failed to do so.

Up the road marched the Roundhead host, silent, stern, and determined to make havoc with those they called idol-loving heathens. As they came in sight of the cathedral, its lights flashed out over the snow and stirred them to fresh wrath.

"Death to these Papists!" cried the leader, rushing to the cathedral door, which swung easily on its hinges. But there was no enemy to slay—only a little fair-haired lad who was singing:

Glory to God in the highest,

Peace on earth, good-will to men:

Unto us is born a Saviour,

Christ, the Lord. Amen.

When he ended, there was a strange sight: every armed man had bared his head and fallen upon his knees. Then all departed and the lad had not even seen them.

But soon he grew tired of waiting for the other singers, and picked his way home, wondering if the Christ-Child would know that he had tried to sing his best; wondering why the others had not come; and wondering also why the snow was tramped down, and why there were so many foot-prints near the door.

So the carol of one of God's little singers saved the good old town of Eldore on Christmas eve long years ago.—*Ave Maria.*

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### PRAYER HEARD IN A STRANGE WAY

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A good Catholic, but somewhat close, farmer, whose barns were well stocked with the successful crops and whose pigs and sheep were selling at an excellent price, was saying night-prayers as usual with his family.

"And, O heavenly Father," he read from the book, "assist the poor and relieve their pressing needs, etc."

After the prayers were finished, his little daughter came up to him saying:

"Papa, I wish I had all your corn and wheat!"

"Why, little one, what would you do with it?"

"Papa, I'd hear your prayer immediately,"—answered the child.

The good father understood at once—again, God had given understanding to the little ones and had put wisdom in the mouth of a child.

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### A VERY SIMPLE REASON

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The following account is given by Father Matthew Russell, S. J.:

"Some thirty years ago a poor lad who had entered the Limerick workhouse, as a Protestant, made formal application to have his creed-register changed. Questioned by the board of jurors, he was asked:

"Why do you want to be a Catholic?"

"Because," said he, "Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary."

The answer was rather curt and abrupt, but really it contained a full and sufficient reason for the faith that was in him."

Because Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary, and because the Catholic Church, alone, honors Mary as the Mother of Jesus, this little orphan boy was drawn toward it.

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There are now 200,000 Catholics under arms in the various branches of the United States service.

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Read "The Redemptorist Calendar of Holy and Beautiful Thoughts for 1918."

=====	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	=====
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**OH, COME EMMANUEL!**

The four weeks of Advent before Christmas represent the four thousand years preceding the coming of Christ. During this solemn season of mingled repentance and expectation, Holy Church fills her liturgical prayers with the tenderest expressions of longing for the birth of the Messiah who is to redeem the guilty world. The more thoroughly you enter into the spirit of the Church during Advent, the more full will be your Christmas joys. When the Christ-Child comes. He pours His richest gifts into the heart that longed most ardently for His coming.

Your companions during Advent will be your companions at Christmas. If you spend Advent with Joseph and Mary, with the holy and prayerful Magi and the lowly, simple shepherds, you will be admitted with them to see the new-born King on Christmas, and your joy will be full. If you spend Advent with the lustful Herod or with the mammon-worshippers of Bethlehem, your heart will be as cold and dead and your eyes as blind as theirs on Christmas morn. Those who feast in Herod's palace during Advent shall not adore beside the crib on Christmas.

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**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

To each and every LIGUORIAN subscriber, we wish a Merry Christmas! You may have forgotten the dollar you gave, but we have not. It paid the printer and the binder and the stationer and the postman; we thank you for it, and with our thanks we send a prayer and a blessing for a Merry Christmas. You may have forgotten the dollar you gave, but our Divine Savior has not. It was the means of bringing the LIGUORIAN, with its message of consolation, into many a home that was sad, with its message of truth, to many a mind that was doubting, with its message of encouragement, to many a heart that was downcast. The good you have thus done, like a balmy breeze finds entrance to the stable of Bethlehem warming the heart of the Divine Babe and then streams out through chink and crevice laden

with the Christ-Child's blessings—His pledges to you of a Merry Christmas.

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### PASSING IT ON

The women's branch of the Y. M. C. A. has announced that it is taking steps to look after young girls in the neighborhood of cantonments, in order to prevent them from becoming, by their impudence, a source of harm to themselves and to the soldiers. Young girls need looking after; their giddiness or even their very innocence might cause their ruin. They need looking after, and Almighty God has created fathers and mothers for this office. It is a disgrace to the country that parents are so shamefully negligent in the performance of this sacred office, that a public organization must make the hopeless attempt to supply their place.

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### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

It is customary to give presents at Christmas. What kind of present are you going to give? Something useful and necessary, or something silly and superfluous? Something extravagant or something within your modest means? Or are you going to make no present at all? What will your present be to your Saviour, who on that first Christmas day gave you everything by giving you Himself? How about making a Christmas present to the war-sufferers, the wounded soldiers, the relief-funds for the widows and orphans of those fallen in the war? Can you perhaps send some sound Catholic literature and good books to the soldier-boys? Or, what is better, will your Christmas present consist in Masses for those who died in the war? Have you perhaps a beloved one among these latter? If so, will your Christmas present to him be a Mass for the repose of his soul? It is good to remember that the Poor Souls are most grateful for the least relief we bring them, and that neither they, nor God, whose exiled friends they are, will allow themselves to be outdone in generosity.

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### \$1.50 A YEAR

Sister Agnes of Yen Ste Tang, Peking, China, writes thus to the office of the Holy Childhood: "As I am able to beg I have been sent

here from Ning-po because the works are all in a critical state from a want of funds; in fact, the need is so great here at present, that I fear I shall have to become a real beggar, much as I dislike the profession. Our personnel numbers 1,021 in the convent, besides three hundred babies let out to nurse, twenty sisters and ten aspirants. All we have to provide for this multitude for this year—is the large sum of twelve thousand francs. Worked out, it comes to about \$1.50 per head. With the strictest economy we cannot live on it—we can only starve on it—unless my feeble efforts can touch the hearts of generous souls in other lands to come to our assistance. Here I have charge of all the children of the Holy Childhood, and it makes my heart ache to serve out their meals—for all we have to give them is yellow maize, served as soup for breakfast and supper, and made into hard balls or cakes for their dinner (which reminds me of food I have seen given to the cows at home during the winter). I thought it was poor enough at Ning-po, but here it is far worse, and all the country villages in the environs of Peking are at present inundated, which causes great misery all around; and in consequence, hungry pagan children are being brought to us every day, abandoned by their parents because they have nothing to give them to eat—if we refuse them, they will die on the wayside. So, dear Father, I implore you to do whatever you can to help us. Ask our good American friends to make some little sacrifice for the love of our Dear Lord, His blessed Mother, and Holy St. Joseph, and help us to save the souls and bodies of these poor little pagans. None of the children here are adopted. If we could get some adopted by getting some kind friends to make a donation of \$5.00, it would be a great help to us. I trust you will do your best to help us before the winter sets in, for we are in great distress.

Send your mite to: The National Office, Association of the Holy Childhood, 801 Standard Life Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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**"MACULA NON EST IN TE"**

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"Macula non est in te—There is no stain in thee." O Glorious Mother, on this feast of your Immaculate Conception, we, your sinful yet repentant and loving children, forget our own misery to unite with you in thanking the great God who, in prevision of the merits of your Divine Son, deigned to preserve you free from all stain and give you to

us as our sinless advocate, our spotless Mother, "our tainted nature's solitary boast."

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### A SAWDUST DOLL

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It was our first great disillusionment—the day that we could restrain our curiosity no longer but tore open our cherished doll to find that it was nothing but sawdust. New York has given women the vote. It is the fourteenth state to yield them this coveted privilege, and now, a nationwide concession is but a matter of time. They want the suffrage, God bless the dear creatures, and who are we mere men to deny them anything they desire? But Oh, how our heart goes out in pity for their disillusionment when they shall have destroyed their beautiful doll and shall have received for their pains nothing but—sawdust.

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### "GOD WILL IT!"

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The Students' Mission Crusade! It has just been launched. It is provisionally under the direction of a body of students at Techny, Ill. Its object is to stir up a lively, practical, even heroic, interest in the foreign missions among the students of all American Catholic educational institutions. A nobler object was never proposed to noble hearts and willing hands. A crusade among our Catholic students in favor of the foreign missions will raise the ideals of the students, improve the Catholic atmosphere of the colleges, foster vocations to this noblest of all works, and furnish means to make these vocations fruitful. The ranks of this crusade are open to every Catholic student, male or female, in the land, and every student should join it. Yes, join it; Bring with you an enthusiasm that will be contagious. It is a glorious cause, a cause that appeals to every spark of pity and faith and love within your soul. The Guardian Angels of eight hundred million immortal souls languishing in the darkness and the shadow of death, are pleading for your help. If you desire further details, drop a line to the Student's Mission Crusade Bureau, Techny, Ill.

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A truly Catholic Christmas gift for a friend: "The Redemptorist Calendar of Holy and Beautiful Thoughts for 1918."

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Catholic Events</h2>	
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Certain anti-Catholic organizations have been sending bitter protests to Washington, because the Knights of Columbus are permitted to work for the welfare of the soldiers.

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The Jesuit University at Georgetown has opened a war department to train students for the aviation corps.

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Rev. Daniel Mullane, C. SS. R., who has been, during the last quarter of a century, one of the leading Redemptorists of America, died at San Antonio, Texas, Nov. 9. May he rest in peace.

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Mayor Mitchell, who proclaimed himself a Catholic while making his mean attacks on the Catholic works of mercy, was defeated for re-election by the greatest majority recorded in the city of New York.

\* \* \*

The Catholic Boy Scouts of Denver won the pennant offered by President Wilson for the largest Scout subscription solicited for the second Liberty Loan. They had \$68,600.

\* \* \*

The Jesuit University of St. Louis sent more volunteers to the United States Army than the entire State of Vermont.

\* \* \*

One of the effects of the constant fear of air raids in London is that Catholics are no longer ashamed to go about the streets reciting the rosary, and non-Catholics no longer dare to ridicule them for so doing.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan, who died Oct. 18, is said to have given about twenty million dollars towards the spread of Catholic faith and Catholic charity. She was made a Papal Countess by Pius X. but she never used the title.

\* \* \*

The "Bone Dry" law in Oklahoma has been construed as prohibiting the introduction into the state of wine for sacramental purposes. The chancellor of the diocese has brought suit against the Santa Fe Railway Company as a test case to prove the unconstitutionality of the law.



The interior of the parish house of the German Catholic Church of St. Agnes, St. Paul, Minn., was wrecked by a bomb, Nov. 4. None of the occupants were injured.

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One of the first three American soldiers killed in France was Thomas Enright, a Catholic lad educated in the parochial school. He had served with the army in Mexico and in the Philippines. The first to receive the Navy Medal of Honor is Patrick McGuiniga of Youngstown, Ohio, who at great personal risk, rescued an observer from a kite balloon at sea brought down by a squall. We have not yet heard of any heroic deeds performed by the A. P. A. or Guardians of Liberty.

\* \* \*

The Knights of Columbus need for immediate use in establishing and maintaining war recreation centers at home and overseas three million dollars, of which one million dollars have been already contributed chiefly by the members. Send your contribution to: K. of C. War Camp Fund, P. O. Drawer 96, New Haven, Conn.

\* \* \*

The K. of C. are distributing to the soldiers a combination Trench Mirror and Curse Card to serve as a check on profanity and immoral conversation among the soldiers.

\* \* \*

There are nine American Catholic Universities each with more than 1,000 students. Fordham leads with 1,810.

\* \* \*

The soldiers want rosaries. Send all the beads you can, old or new, to: Chaplains Aid Association, 580 Fifth Ave., New York.

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The fact that the percentage of Catholics under the colors is more than double the percentage of Catholics in the population, is due in great measure to the fact that Catholics lead clean lives and are free from the diseases that would render them unfit for military service.

\* \* \*

According to the Monthly Review of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, potatoes were selling at 72c a bushel in war and blockade stricken Germany last winter while we were paying from \$4 to \$5.

\* \* \*

A writer in the *Journal of Heredity* says: "in sections of the population which have average intelligence, physique and prosperity," the largest families show the lowest death rate, not only among infants, but at all ages of life. "The child with nine brothers and sisters has, statistically speaking, twice as good a chance of living to an old age as that of the child with only a single brother or sister in the normal healthy population."

## The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

*May a Protestant be sponsor at the Baptism of a Catholic child?*

No, because a Protestant could not or would not attend to the Catholic education of the child in default of the parents, and that is the chief duty of a sponsor. Sometimes there is sufficient reason for a priest to allow a Protestant to assist at a Catholic Baptism and to seem to be a sponsor, while not being one in reality. For example, the parents bring a Catholic and a Protestant to be the sponsors at a Baptism. Openly to reject the Protestant might give serious offense and cause other disagreeable consequences. In such a case the priest will allow the Protestant to stand near the child during the services but will contrive that during the actual pouring on of the water only the Catholic sponsor will hold or touch the child. As this physical contact is required on the part of the sponsor, the Protestant will be a sponsor only in appearance but will no doubt be quite satisfied.

*Is there any general rule one could follow in regard to the proper time to sit and stand and kneel during Mass?*

The best way is to conform to the custom of the church in which you are assisting at Mass. The custom may differ in different churches.

*1. Do those who wear the scapulars have to recite any special prayers? 2. Is it just as good to wear the scapular medal? 3. What is meant by the Sabbatine privilege?*

1. Investiture in the scapular does not impose the obligation of saying any special prayer, but, in order to gain the indulgences connected with the wearing of the scapular it is ordinarily necessary to recite some prayer or perform some good work. Thus, for example, those who wear the brown scapular may gain a plenary indulgence (1) on the day of investiture; (2) July 16; (3) on all the privileged feasts of the Carmelite Order; (4) at the hour of death; but in order to gain these plenary indulgences, they must fulfil the usual conditions, that is, confess their sins, receive Holy Communion, and pray for the intention of

the Holy Father. For those who communicate frequently it is a good practice to make every morning the intention of gaining all the indulgences possible during the day, and then to recite six Our Fathers and Hail Marys for the intention of the Pope. They will thus be placing the conditions for gaining many of the scapular indulgences.

2. When properly used, the scapular medal takes the place of the scapular and enables its wearer to gain all the indulgences of the scapular itself. Still, the Holy Father expressed the wish that Catholics should continue to wear the scapular rather than the medal. Further, as was recently pointed out in AMERICA, the scapular may in the case of soldiers be a means of proclaiming its wearer's religion and of thus procuring for him the grace of the Sacraments in case he is dangerously wounded, whereas if he had only a medal on his person it might not be noticed by the hospital attendants. This advantage would also seem to hold in case of serious accidents even for persons who are not soldiers.

3. It is a pious belief that those who have worn the brown scapulars during life, and have fulfilled certain conditions, will after their death experience the special help of the Blessed Virgin, especially on Saturdays, the day consecrated by the Church to the Blessed Mother. Saturday, in Latin, is *Sabbatum*. Hence this special favor is called the Sabbatine Privilege. To have a claim on this privilege it is necessary: 1) to wear the brown scapular continually; 2) to observe chastity according to one's state in life; 3) to recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. If a person cannot read, it will be sufficient to observe the fasts of the Church and to abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays instead of reciting the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. For a just cause the recitation of the Office as well as the special abstinence on Wednesday and Saturday may be commuted by the confessor into some other good work. Some authorities doubt whether a per-

son who wears the medal instead of the brown scapular would be entitled to this Sabbatine Privilege.

*Is it true that Mary, the Catholic Queen of England, was so cruel that she is deservedly called "Bloody Queen Mary"?*

During the reign of Queen Mary 277 persons are known to have been put to death in England by her orders. Some were executed for heresy, many for treason and rebellion. Such severity of course was excessive and Queen Mary employed it against the advice of Cardinal Pole. However, her severity fades into insignificance when compared with the savage and blood-thirsty cruelty of her apostate father, Henry VIII, and of her Protestant half-sister, Queen Elizabeth. Henry VIII put to death 2 Queens, 12 dukes and counts, 164 nobles, 2 cardinals, 2 archbishops, 31 bishops and abbots, and 500 priors and monks. Even during the more quiet years of Elizabeth's reign over 1,200 Catholics were put to death, among them 530 priests. And still a certain class of people talk about the Spanish Inquisition and Bloody Mary. Better, Bloody Henry and Bloody Elizabeth.

*How can you prove from reason alone that man comes from God?*

When we say that man comes from God, we have in mind chiefly the principal part of man, that which distinguishes him from the brute and all inferior beings, namely, his rational soul. This soul is a spiritual substance, independent of matter in its nature and existence. That this is so we know from the actions and operations of man. The heroic virtue of St. Alphonso; the sublime conception of a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Michael Angelo; the wonderful inventions of an Edison; the gigantic engineering feet of Goethals in building the Panama Canal; the profound calculations of the mathematician, the physicist, and the astronomer; the varied achievements of the human mind in every department of civilized life; even the every-day mental life of the ordinary man—all these proclaim loudly that, while the body of man is material, there is also in human nature a principle of activity that is vastly superior to matter, they tell us that the human soul is spiritual. And by that very fact they tell us also that it must have come from God. A spiritual being

must have a spiritual origin and no other spiritual origin can be assigned for the soul than creation by God.

The body of man is material. It comes into existence by birth or material generation from the parents. But whence did the first man receive his body? Pseudo-science answers: by evolution from lower forms. Reason cannot prove that such evolution is impossible in itself. The body of man, since it is material, could have had such a material origin. "Could have had," we say, for that it actually did have such an origin, that it arose by evolution from the ape or any other lower form, there is not the vestige of a real proof. The oldest human remains that have been discovered show man at that early stage to have been just as intelligent, just as much a man, as he is today. Reason then cannot demonstrate the material origin of the human body, but on the other hand neither can reason alone demonstrate that the body of the first man was directly created by God. Directly, we say, for at least indirectly and mediately the body of man as well as all finite things, must have come from God.

Both reason and faith therefore proclaim that man is the handwork of God and is bound to adore, love, and serve Him.

*Are the Ruthenians Catholics?*

Yes. They acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope and have the same sacraments and the same faith as we have. But they have their own rite, that is, their ceremonies differ in many points from those to which we are accustomed and they use in their ceremonies, not Latin as we do, but their own language.

*What is meant by the new code of canon law?*

Using the power granted to her by her divine Founder, the Church has at various times according to her varying needs made laws for the guidance of clergy and laity. These laws are also called canons. The late Holy Father appointed a committee of experts to bring all these laws together, to strike out those no longer necessary, to modify others, to introduce such new laws as are required. The work of this commission was completed during the present year and the new collection of laws is called the new code of canon law. It will go into effect Pentecost Sunday, 1918.

	Some Good Books	
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*Chronicles of an Old Missouri Parish.* Rev. John Rothensteiner. Published under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus of Fredericktown, Mo.

Father Rothensteiner is an ardent advocate of Parish Histories, and in this brochure he gives us at once the theory and the practice—and excellent model indeed for anyone who would wish to confer on his parish the benefit of an interesting history. As the author says in his preface, he found no stirring events to relate. But is there a single member or past member of this old Missouri Parish that will not read and perhaps reread with deep enjoyment the narrative of "the slow, silent development of a Catholic Parish" in which his father or father's father, perhaps, took so valiant a part? Give us a few more of these chronicles, give us a few more men interested in local history and we shall soon know and hear more about the history of the church in the United States. And to aftertime will be preserved the inspiring example of our forefathers.

*The Mediator. Jesus Christ in the Scriptures the Model of the Priest.* By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. B. Herder Book Co. Price, \$1.50.

The fluent pen of Father Geiermann has brought Christ's message of truth and salvation to all classes of the faithful. The many editions through which his "Manual of Theology for the Laity" has gone tells how far he has extended the tidings of Christ's teaching. For those who would walk the road of ascetic perfection he wrote "The Narrow Way" and to Christ's chosen spouses he has given "A Retreat for Religious". We venture to say, however, that in none of his writings has he reached as high a level as in this work on the Priesthood. As Father Yorke in the introduction aptly remarks "the author has viewed the subject in a new light, and by empha-

sizing the mediatorial character of the Priest, has brought out many fresh points and given splendid suggestions." We thoroughly concur with Father Yorke when he says that, Father Geiermann, "Has conferred a lasting benefit upon the English clergy by analyzing the qualities of the Mediator and interpreting the principles of His conduct for them."

At this season of the year when calendars are vying with another for entrance into the home, we recommend to our readers the first one to reach our office: "*The Redemptorist Calendar of Holy and Beautiful Thoughts.*" We are not timid about our recommendation for we are sure that no wall calendar at the price will excell it. This year as last year it is arranged by Rev. W. T. Bond, C. SS. R. It sells for 30c; boxed and tasseled 40c, from any Redemptorist House or by mail prepaid. Rev. W. T. Bond, 1118 N. Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

*The Nature and History of the Bible.* By the Rt. Rev. William A. Fletcher, D. D. J. H. Furst Company.

To say that this book is popular does not mean that it is not erudite. Much that is touched on at very short length in the text book, the student will find illustrated at length here. Yet the solid learning of the volume need not scare off the ready reader. In fact it is to such the book best recommends itself. Too many Catholics are insufficiently acquainted with the Holy Bible. They should make themselves clear on what part the human author takes in its composition and what part God takes. This Father Fletcher very nicely explains. The book is very well written and well put up.

*Catholics and the Bible* is a pamphlet put out by The Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia. It is a clear statement of the objections commonly advanced on this subject with a concise answer to every objection.

	<h2>Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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Once, on a trip to the South, Dr. Henry Van Dyke came upon an old colored woman sitting on her doorstep smoking a villainous clay pipe.

Do you enjoy smoking, aunty?" asked Dr. Van Dyke. "That pipe's pretty bad."

"Oh, yes, sah; I smokes pretty much all day."

"Well, you ought to clean your pipe. It's very rank. How do you expect to get into heaven with a breath like that?"

"I reckon dat won't keep me out, sah. When I die I expects to lose mah breath."

An old lady who had been introduced to a doctor who was also a professor in a university, felt somewhat puzzled as to how she should address the great man.

"Shall I call you 'doctor' or 'professor'?" she asked.

"Oh! just as you wish," was the reply; "as a matter of fact, some people call me an old idiot."

"Indeed," she said sweetly; "but then, they are people that know you."

When it comes to up-to-date curriculum, no schools in Ohio have anything on this little town of Ironton, as is manifest by the answer of a six-year-old who lives on South Fifth Street.

"What did you study in your room last year, dear?"

"We studied reading and gozinta," replied the little one.

"Gozinta! What's that?"

"Why, don't-chu-no? Two gozinta four two times. Two gozinta six three times and like that."

Two men were in a dining car, ordering breakfast. The first one said to the waiter:

"George, you may bring me two fried eggs, some broiled Virginia ham, a pot of coffee and some rolls."

"Yassa."

The other said:

"You may bring me the same."

"Yassa."

The second man then called after the waiter and remarked:

"Just eliminate the eggs."

"Yassa."

In a moment the waiter came back.

"Scuse me, boss, but just what did you all say erbout dem aigs?"

"I said just eliminate the eggs."

"Yessa." And he hurried again to the tiny kitchen.

In another moment he came back once more, leaned confidently and penitently over the table, and said:

"We had a bad accident jest afo' we leave de depot dis mornin', boss, an' de deliminators done got busted off right at de handle. Will you take 'em fried; as dis hyar gemmen?"

"Horses!" said the Yankee. "Guess you can't talk to me about horses. I had an old mare, Maizy-pop, who once licked our best express by a couple of miles on a thirty-mile run to Chicago."

"That's nothing," said the Canadian.

"I was out on my farm one day, about fifty miles from the house, when a frightful storm came up. I turned the pony's head for home, and, do you know, he raced the storm so close for the last ten miles that I didn't feel a drop, while my old dog, only ten yards behind, had to swim the whole distance."

Bessie had a new dime to invest in ice cream soda. "Why don't you give your dime to missions?" said the minister, who was calling.

"I thought about that," said Bessie, "But I think I'll buy the ice cream and let the druggist give it to the missions."

Customer—Didn't you nip off a piece of my ear, then?

Barber—Yes, sir, a small piece; but not 'nough to affect the hearin', sir.

Observant Kiddy—Oh, look at that funny man, mother. He's sitting on the sidewalk talkin' to a banana peel!"

"A woman came in the hospital the other day, and she was so crosseyed that the tears ran down her back."

"You couldn't do anything for her could you?"

"Yes; we treated her for bacteria."

